

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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EDMUND HARVEY,  
THE RAGGED SCHOOL TEACHER ONE  
HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

ABOUT one hundred years ago, there might have been seen, at the time for morning prayer, entering the Parish Church of Stockton-on-Tees, twelve poor children, headed by EDMUND HARVEY, the pewterer, of Finkle-street. Dear reader, this was a band of children that had been picked off the street, their rags put away for more kindly and decent clothing, and every day they were gathered together in the shop of the Stockton pewterer for instruction; and as often as the church door was opened for public worship, they were led up to the house of prayer. A stranger in the streets of Stockton would have naturally assumed that this man was the paid dominie of some of our public schools, but the people who knew Edmund Harvey could have told him he was the voluntary teacher and careful guardian of the poor ragged outcasts of the town, and so far as his means would allow he spent his little substance, as well as the time he could spare, in training those children in piety, virtue, and knowledge—children that would otherwise have gone in ignorance and rags. EDMUND HARVEY of the last century—honour to his name—did his best to carry out the best plan for making this world a better world. He went to the root of much of the moral and social evil that then existed; he set apart a corner of his workshop, not to tinker humanity by punishment that made its last case often worse than its first; he placed himself at the fountain head of life—life subjected to all the powerful and most pernicious temptations that beset poor, half-starved chil-

dren. He took the hungry in—as one of his pupils has told us—and fed them, the naked and clothed them, the ignorant and instructed them; directed the earliest footsteps of a band of children in the way of right life. As years went on, his heart enlarged for the extension of this work. Day by day teaching, and anxiety for his flock—and the teachers of the poor well know the trials of this profession—did not sicken or weary him of his philanthropic work; he toiled faithfully on, and his mind opened for further usefulness. His own means, as we will show, were not sufficient to do all he wished to do, and his petitions for aid were kindly responded to, and girls were added to his little band of boys; so, with the aid of females, knitting and sewing, as well as reading and writing, were conducted under his care. Noble man! he worked at his daily craft, and toiled on in this other work of faith and love till the year 1781, when he died.

We have no intention to diminish from the fame of JOHN POUNDS, the Unitarian cobbler, of Portsmouth, who hath justly immortalized his name by daily taking into *his* shop the ragged children of his town, and teaching them to read and write, and speaking kindly to them, as he followed his humble calling. His monument is a tall one, towering beyond the titles of peers and princes. His name will never be forgotten as the first man in the present century who, by his example, founded the Ragged School movement. While we honour Pounds, does not the same breath and heart that pay homage to him honour Harvey? In this more humane age it is still an uphill work, and a thankless task the gathering together and instructing the neglected children of our streets: it was not less so one hundred years ago. We



believe a better spirit exists now than did in former times for carrying out the education of the poor; this has been shown by the present age following up the good example set by John Pounds. All grades and ranks now agree that we must endeavour to care for and provide instruction for every child of the land. If the season of youth be neglected, we may toil in vain by all the expensive and cumbersome machinery of police, judge, and punishments, to purify the streams that have become turbid, and that were neglected and poisoned in their earliest spring. We cannot speak too often of the energy and work so wisely entered upon by such men as Harvey and Pounds, nor too highly honour their names as benefactors of our race.

We have been favoured with a few memoranda of Harvey by a gentleman of Stockton, Mr. Thomas Richmond, J.P., who possesses some of Mr. Harvey's papers and letters, of which we avail ourselves for a further description of this good man. It appears that Mr. Harvey interested himself in the improvement of the river, and recommended in 1769 a "cut" to be made across a neck of land, to take off a large curve of the navigation. He made two plates of copper the exact shape of the curve (these are in the possession of Mr. Richmond); these plates, laid on each other, formed the shape of the course of the river, and the "cut" necessary to improve it. This poor man's counsel was not heeded then, though some years after his decease his plan of shortening the course of the river, as well as his ragged school idea, was adopted and carried into execution. *Brewster*, the local historian, speaks of Harvey, and his love for the education of the poor, and that he proposed a reserve fund out of the scheme for improving the river, with a little pension for himself. We are assured there is no foundation for such an assertion as a pension for himself. The historian, in his very brief notice of him, says: "He was one of the last instances of the pious and simple manners of departing times. By some means, which cannot now be known, this conscientious but eccentric man had received a few sheets of copper, on which the government duty had not been paid.

For several years he felt very great uneasiness of mind at the idea of having defrauded the revenue; but at last he resolved to ease his conscience by paying the duty. He attended the Custom-house often for that purpose: the officers always refused to receive it, and laughed at his scruple. He was, however, determined, and threw down the money before them, telling them they might give it to the poor, if they could not carry it to a right account; 'as for me,' he said, 'I consider it my duty to render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's.'"

It would appear he took some interest in keeping the clergy of his day well up to the standard of piety and good works worthy of their office, from which, in that age, they had greatly fallen. We have before us a letter of his, written in 1755 to the Bishop of Durham (Trevor), complaining of things unbecoming the then Vicar of Stockton. The Vicar had refused to do justice to the Clerk in a salary case, and also refused to preach a sermon more than once a day. Harvey writes to the Bishop, and complains that the Vicar "takes a poor man's lamb and feeds his rich friends with it." He also requests His Lordship to enjoin on the Vicar the necessity of preaching a sermon in the afternoon for the good of servants and others who could not attend the morning service. We have also a letter before us of the Rev. Alexander Cleeve, Vicar of Stockton in 1774, of a very complimentary character. He says of Harvey: "You are well reported of as trying to do much spiritual good—God grant you success, for the world has much need of pious and painstaking examples. Be of good courage, and persevere unto the end." The following letter of Mr. Harvey, at the age of eighty-two, to a village clergyman in the neighbourhood of Stockton, who it appears was exciting discontent at some of his ways, we think characteristic of the pious mind and plain manner of the man.

Stockton, April, 1780.

Sir,

As we are fellow-creatures, and have sprung from the same root, and are taught in the Scriptures to love our neighbours as ourselves, it lays a double obligation upon us to do them all the kind offices we can, but I am sorry I have



occasion to tell you that you have done your neighbours great injustice and injury by all that I can learn from the oldest inhabitants, who all know that you have altered the water-course to evade the doing that justice you ought to do. To the poor, or such as me, you take no care for to prevent our plunging through the water or mire, seeing you can ride through it. Is this doing as you would be done by, if you were a poor man and obliged to walk? Is this loving your neighbour as yourself? Doth this become the station of life you are in, whose duty is to preach home the doctrine, as well as practice it, yourself? And I am still more sorry to hear of your breaking the Sabbath so greatly, that I am ashamed to hear, by sending your servant to coals on Sunday evenings (*i.e.* sending a cart for coals). Good God! that a parson of the Church of England, wherein such excellent precepts are taught, should show such abominable examples. Would you but do what I wrote to you about some time since, it would be a preservation against such dangerous evils. Would you but consider what a fine family lived at your place before you came, how eminently pious they were, and what was the result of it. Their daughter was justly thought to be one of the finest women in the North of England; and I heard, some time since, that the present Mr. Johnston (afternoon lecturer) had prayers in his family, which should prompt you to follow so good an example. You have to all appearance very fine children, but neither they nor your servants seem to have any oil in their lamps. I know your well-disposed spouse was desirous of having prayers in your family, and bought some of those excellent books of devotion which two clergymen of my acquaintance make use of in their families. I hope you will consider these things rightly, and with God's help make a thorough change for the better in your life and conversation.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

EDMUND HARVEY.

But to return to the school which had his chief care and labour, connected with his business, we find he was compelled to appeal to the benevolent to aid him in this work of clothing the poor. His own income was limited, and he was getting a very old man and wished to establish and perpetuate what he had begun. The following letter was sent when he was upwards of seventy years of age to a lady who had previously helped him.

*To Mrs. Hustler, of Acklam Hall, 1769,  
August 31st, Stockton.*

MADAM,—This waits on you on behalf of six poor girls, not doubting it will find a kind acceptance at your hands; and the rather I am obliged to think so, on account of your readiness to assist

me in endeavouring to get me some money of a Copper Company in London for the six boys I now have, which, God be thanked, are improving upon my hands: and I doubt not it will tend to the advantage of both their souls and bodies, which, together with the hope of promoting my own soul's welfare, was the motive that caused me to begin it. The higher we arrive in goodness, the brighter will our crowns of glory be hereafter: this therefore obliges me to do more good, and I know of no better way of doing it than to take the simple from the dust, and lift the beggar from the dunghill, to put them in the way to inherit glory, by adding to my six boys six girls, for me to teach them to read, and for a well-handed servant both to teach them woman's work and to wait on me, and for them to go to church every day with me, and the boys when they can. But this cannot be done without a fund of money to do it; and as I cannot think of troubling the town on their account, but have reason to be thankful for what they have done on account of the boys (unless it is some few particular people in it), makes me desire the favour for them of you to promote it, as not doubting your example will influence others to put to their helping hand also.

You are the chief spring on whom I depend to move others to be kind to them, as I hope you will be; and may every one that is so meet with an ample reward both here and hereafter, which is the prayer of, Madam, your humble servant, EDMUND HARVEY.

That it was Harvey's intention to have this work perpetuated, is evident from a petition of his we have before us. To the trustees of Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham, he says: "The contributions already obtained are not sufficient for a lasting foundation, to make good the work, and perpetuate it with a schoolmaster after my decease." Funds were not forthcoming to carry on the work after his death, and so died with him this institution, in the year 1781, and the eighty-third year of his age.

Six years after this, we find one of the boys he had clothed and educated, a schoolmaster of considerable ability in Stockton, and subsequently a clerk in a lawyer's office in the town. The



name of this pupil was Mr. Henry Melanby, still remembered by some of the old people of Stockton. He had a taste for poetising, and wrote the following lines, which were inserted in the Newcastle *Ladies' Pocket Book*, as well as other pieces of poetry we have by us, commemorative of his good old teacher.

*"On Mr. Edmund Harvey, late of Stockton, deceased, who for many years voluntarily educated and clothed several poor boys," etc.*

"The evil that men do lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones."

*Shakespeare.*

"Why should the meritorious deeds of HARVEY  
Into oblivion sink?—A character  
That might be scrutinized and faultless found.  
Nor was his goodness to a year confined,  
Like many who profess and make a show  
Of acts praiseworthy for a while, and then  
Thro' levity, grow lukewarm; nay, perhaps,  
Degenerate into apostasy.  
But he of whom my muse now sings, ne'er  
swerved

Out of the course in which the righteous tread.  
This worthy man possessed a small estate  
(So he 'twixt affluence and poverty  
Ran to the period of a good old age),  
And to such pious uses did apply  
His life and fortune, that it may be said,  
He was of Charity the very pattern.  
Yea his benevolence, and honest heart,  
Gained him the veneration of all ranks.  
What his annuity could not surmount,  
The complement he begged of the rich.  
He clothed the naked, and the hungry fed;  
The unlearned instructed—carefully instilled  
Such moral precepts in the tender minds  
Of youth, that they pass calmly thro' the  
hardships

And troubles each man must on earth encounter;

And when they at the verge of life arrive,  
They on that well spent life look back, and bless  
The happy man who first inured them  
In virtue's path to walk."

### SELF-MADE MEN.

"AND beside," said cousin Clara, as if to crown the catalogue of excellencies, "he is a self-made man!" It was evident she could add nothing to that.

"No, no, I thank you," echoed Bertha, laughing, "none of your self-made people for me; I've seen enough of that."

"Enough of that! Why, they are the very best-made people in the world, those who have made themselves."

"No so fast, my sage cousin; *tastes differ*, and here I must presume to differ from you."

"But why, my child? especially in this case. What have you to say about William?"

"Simply this, cousin mine—that I would not, on any account, subject him to the penalty of bigamy."

"Bigamy! You shocking child, what do you mean?"

"Simply what I say; he is wedded already."

"Another wife! Never; it can't be. It is some malicious slander."

"Oh! I don't mean exactly married by bell, book, and candle, or that sort of thing. Nevertheless, his heart is pre-occupied; he is wedded to his profession. I want no second place, and that I should most assuredly have; I am too late to take the first, in spite of all his protestations. Can't I see? I have just been spending three months with Julia, and she married one of your self-made men! I'd sooner be an old maid. He neglects her just as entirely as if she had no manner of claim upon him. She is a dutiful wife, devoting herself to his comfort when he is at home, and small thanks she gets. He is wedded to his business, and gives himself to it, body and soul. The force of habit is so strong that he has no idea there is any other way. You see, Mr. Paynes began life by devoting all his energies to making his own way; and having his own way to make, and himself to make, there is little of him left for anything else. He has no idea but that the time is wasted that is spent in any other way than in getting on. He has set success before him as his aim, and success is a balloon, that ever rises as you reach up to it. He has been so long in the habit of marching over or setting aside all obstacles to his progress, and his gaze is so fixed upon the goal, that wife and children are just as readily set aside as anything else that stands in his way. As far as he is concerned, Julia spends her life utterly alone, and yet he would be astonished at any imputation of neglect. She is always provided for; his home is pleasant; he lets her do as she pleases, and supplies her with all she wants! Does he? Poor Julia! I have seen her sigh, when her woman's



heart was too proud to complain, or too full to speak."

"But Mr. Paynes has fine social qualities; he is very agreeable."

"I grant you, he can be agreeable when it suits his purpose, but he wants the early training, the feeling that is not beneath his notice to try to make home pleasant, to do his part toward it. He was educated in an atmosphere of work, and he is always restless. The household never has an air of repose. You can see in his eye, if he is caught for a moment in household enjoyment, that he really grudges the time. All is wasted that is not spent in getting on! Nay, none of your self-made men for me. I never saw one yet who was a good husband or father. The habit of life is too strong."

"But, my dear Bertha, men must work."

"But, my dear Clara, work is not man's chief end. You learned better than that in your Catechism. Employment is good and healthful; overwork, labour, is the curse; and woe be to him who hugs his curse, and tries to make it out a blessing! Sorrow for the captive who learns to love his chain!"

"Well, Bertha, dear, there may be some reason in what you say; but in this land, where will you do better?"

"I'll trust to Providence, and if there be nothing better, I'll live alone. It is no more than Julia does, and there is no law against it."

"But Julia has position and influence."

"Yes; and, poor child, she tries to console herself with that—rather cold comfort, especially as she *has not* ambition, and *has a* warm and loving heart."

"Well, remember child, your uncle is self-made too."

"Can't help it. Isn't he almost as bad? The curse follows him. Imagine him practising any of the sweet charities of life! Picture him to yourself in society, or taking a day's recreation, or spending an evening at home without going to sleep! You know better; he is fastened to the car like the rest of them, and thinks he must move on or be crushed. Oh! I am weary of this constant atmosphere of work—no rest, no repose. Repose! Do you suppose any

one knows what it means? No; if there happens to be an hour in which there is nothing to do, it is spent in planning how the next task is to be performed—as if it would not come soon enough, without going out to meet it. No wonder men are crazy or paralyzed, and don't live out half their days. Good night."—*Christian Inquirer*.

### "A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

PERMIT me to narrate one or two incidents that came under my own observation, that go to illustrate the above truth:

Some thirty-two years ago, being in the town of Greenock, Scotland, as I was passing along one of those streets where sailors congregate, I came upon a crowd of seamen having what I termed a "free fight." I stopped for a moment; and as I stood gazing on the *melee*, and wondering where the police could be, a young woman, much agitated, came hurriedly to my side, and standing on tip-toe, scanned the crowd with an anxious look that I cannot adequately describe.

At length she screamed out with a voice that startled me, "Guid us a', they are killing my brither;" then, as quick as thought, turning to a woman who stood in the doorway with a child in her arms, said, "For God's sake lend me your bairn, for they are murdering our Willie," and without waiting for an answer she snatched the babe from its mother, and placed it on her left arm, while with her right she succeeded in forcing her way toward the centre of the crowd.

I stood breathless and bewildered, not knowing what all this meant, for I feared the woman and child would not come out of the *melee* alive. In a few moments, however, I saw that she was struggling for the side-walk; a moment more, and she emerged from the thickest of the fight, with the child still resting on her left arm, and her right arm firmly grasping the collar of a young man, whose head and face were all bruised and bloody.

The woman then returned the babe to



its mother unharmed, and after thanking her for its use, she led her bleeding, erring brother home; the crowd soon dispersed, and so ended the fight.

Often as I have looked back on this incident, I have been reminded of the words—"And a little child shall lead them."

In my young days those relics of barbarism, the stocks, the whipping-post, and the pillory, were still in use. I well remember, when a young boy, being present at an infliction of this kind of punishment:

A woman was sentenced to stand in the pillory one hour, for the crime of breaking some windows. The pillory stood in the centre of a square, enclosed by a chain. The crowd that gathered to witness such exhibitions had perfect liberty to throw addled eggs, or other harmless missiles at the culprit. Indeed, this was part and parcel of the punishment.

This woman was a mother, and when chained to the pillory held her child, of about two years of age, in her arms. The child as it gazed around on the concourse of people, appeared pleased with the gathering. It would then fondle and play with its mother's hair, and kiss away the tears as they rolled down her cheeks. Though many came prepared to heap every insult and injury on the poor woman, to the extent that the law allowed, the innocent prattling of the babe had completely disarmed them. After a little time some of the crowd threw a penny inside of the ring; the child slipped down from its mother's arms, picked up the coin, and ran with a merry laugh to its mother. The whole thing was so affecting and so child-like, that the hardest heart in that crowd was at once subdued. Very soon one after another threw pennies into the ring, which kept the child quite busy picking them up and carrying them to his mother. When the hour expired and the woman was released, she clasped her child in her arms, and fondly pressing it to her bosom, she gazed around on the crowd that had gathered to witness her disgrace, and seemed to say, "My darling babe has been my protection."

"And a little child shall lead them."

*Christian Mirror.*

## YOUR MISSION.

If you can not on the ocean  
Sail among the swiftest fleet,  
Rocking on the highest billows,  
Laughing at the storms you meet—  
You can stand among the sailors,  
Anchored yet within the bay;  
You can lend a hand to help them,  
When they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey  
Up the mountains steep and high,  
You can stand within the valley  
While the multitudes go by;  
You can chant in happy measures,  
As they slowly pass along;  
Though they may forget the singer,  
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver  
Ever ready at command;  
If you can not, toward the needy,  
Reach an ever open hand,—  
You can visit the afflicted,  
O'er the erring you can weep;  
You can be a true disciple,  
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you can not, in the conflict,  
Prove yourself a soldier true;  
If, where the fire and smoke are thickest,  
There's no work for you to do,—  
When the battle-field is silent,  
You can go with careful tread,  
You can bear away the wounded,  
You can cover up the dead.

If you can not, in the harvest,  
Garner up the richest sheaves;  
Many a grain, both ripe and golden,  
Which the careless reaper leaves,—  
You can glean among the briers  
Growing rank against the wall,  
For it may be that their shadow  
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting  
For some greater work to do;  
Fortune is a lazy goddess,  
She will never come to you.  
Go and toil in any vineyard,  
Do not fear to do or dare;  
If you want a field of labour,  
You can find it anywhere.

ANON.



## PAPAL POWER AND ITS MORAL.

As we are fast approaching a crisis in the history of the Roman Catholic Church, it may be interesting and instructive at the present moment to trace a few of the causes which led to the immense power and temporal grandeur of Popery. We can barely glance at the facts. Our readers will find ample information in the church histories of Mosheim, Priestley, and others, on this subject.

It cannot be doubted but the breaking up of the great Roman empire contributed to the influence of ambitious popes. They gathered from the wreck of this immense empire many of her expediences and arts, as well as part of her territory, and thus formed another empire of spiritual and political tyranny, with much of the spirit and matter of the former—Pagan as it was—infused into the latter, Christian as it professed to be.

For three hundred years Christianity won its way in opposition to all the powers of priests, politicians, and philosophers. It triumphed gloriously, and brought to its ranks of humble-minded, earnest, and godly men, the most learned in the lore of that day, and the most powerful men of the state of Rome. Temporal power from the time of Constantine, A.D. 313, not only defended it from insult, but drew its sword to speed its progress. From that time historians trace the decline of its vitality, until it became a piece of complete state craft.

The early doctrines were abandoned. The simplicity of Christianity was destroyed. The Nicene creed was drawn up, and articles of religion of human invention were spread with the sword. The government of the Church fell into the hands of ecclesiastical councils, state dignitaries, and emperors. The common people lost all voice in Church matters. Many of the social and benevolent institutions of earlier ages were forbidden. Baptism and the Lord's supper were exalted into dread mysteries by priestcraft: then folly, superstition, ignorance, and sin, triumphed in the very Church that was designed to root these things out of the earth.

The first apostles and bishops of the

Christian Church could never have conceived that any of their successors would ever arise to the power, and assumption of dignity, and godlessness, that have characterized the popes of Rome and the bishops of the Church.

The words of Christ to Peter—"Upon this rock I will build my church," is the assumed foundation for the superiority of Rome over all other churches. Peter put forth no such pretensions; and the Apostle Paul, who withstood Peter to the face for some of his contracted and ceremonial views of Christianity, never seemed to look upon Peter in such a light. In a word, the first apostles, and the Church of the first centuries, knew nothing of this superiority; it is one of the vain and hollow pretensions of Rome, with no foundation in reason, scripture, or early history.

The name Pope (or *Papa*, Father) was applied to several bishops in early history. Cornelius, Bishop of Rome, called Cyprian "the Pope of Carthage." Jerusalem, Antioch, Carthage, Alexandria, Constantinople, Rome, and other large cities, had some precedence given to them by the churches of smaller places; but what was voluntary in one age was insisted upon in another. At last the power of the Bishop of Rome compelled the bishops of other places to succumb to his authority.

At the sixth Council, held in the year A.D. 426, at Carthage, it was concluded by the bishops that were present, that the Bishop of Rome was really encroaching on the liberties of the Church, and that this conduct must be resisted. Celestine, the Bishop of Rome, was asked to forbear introducing the vain insolence of the world into the Christian Church.

JOHN, the patriarch, at Constantinople, in the year A.D. 585, was the first to assume the title of "Universal" Bishop. Gregory the Great, then Bishop of Rome, condemned this very severely, as tending to diminish the authority of other bishops. He wrote to John, saying, "that those who took such authority upon them were the forerunners of anti-Christ." Curious enough, the very next Bishop of Rome, Boniface III., took the title in A.D. 606, and it has been claimed at Rome ever since.



In the eighth century the popes gained some territory by fraud and double dealing, and continued to increase their temporal power until the twelfth century. Popes and bishops began to head armies and sack cities. The Kings of France, and Emperors of Germany, aided them in their temporalities. The Pope refused to crown the Emperor, Rodolphus I., until all the pretensions of the Roman see were confirmed. The entire power over the city of Rome came into the hands of the Pope in the twelfth century, A.D. 1198.

At first the bishops of Rome were chosen by the people and the clergy. The people were soon ignored, and the clergy and cardinals, with the assent of the emperor, elected the bishop, or pope. Then the cardinals took precedence in the eleventh century, and nominated the Pope, and the clergy elected the nominee of the cardinals. After this the college of cardinals took the whole matter into their own hands of nominating and electing the Pope, as it continues to the present day.

It is a curious fact that for many hundreds of years the whole power and caprice of the Pope were used, with the aid of French kings, and Austrian and Italian dukes, to crush out the liberty of the North of Italy. The Lombards, who were Arian, and the Waldenses, who were also heretical, were never allowed peace. Justice at last exacts a heavy tribute on the Roman see for the blood shed in the North of Italy. From that very oppressed and down-trodden quarter arises a kingdom in our day to crush for ever the temporal power of the Pope. Sardinia will be crowned in imperial Rome.

The daring blasphemy of the Pope of Rome in former times can scarcely be credited at the present. In the twelfth century it was asserted that all men were to be judged by the Pope. That the popes might do all things, even things unlawful. They absolved from oaths. They drew up new laws, and would not be amenable to the laws of kings and princes. Many bad men became dignitaries in the Church of Rome, to be free from civil jurisdiction. A single crown was not sufficient, but a double and then a triple crown must be got to represent their power.

Their forms of excommunication were most terrible curses. The following are the names of the principal potentates who have suffered excommunication, and of the Popes who cut them off from salvation: John XII. excommunicated Otho I., Emperor of Germany; Gregory V., King Robert for having contracted an illegitimate marriage; Nicholas II. excommunicated Gerard, Count of Galicia; Gregory VII., Henry IV.; Urban II., King Philip of France, because he had carried off the wife of the Count d'Anjou and would not restore her; Pascal II., the Emperor Henry V.; Innocent II., King Rogers of Sicily; Celestine II., Alphonso, King of Castile; Alexander III., the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa; Celestine III., Duke Leopold of Austria; Innocent III., Philip Augustus of France. On Palm Sunday, 1239, Gregory IX. excommunicated the Emperor Frederic; Innocent IV. excommunicated the same Emperor in 1245; Boniface VIII., Philippe le Bel; Urban VI., John of Castile; Jules II., King Louis VII.; Clement VII., Henry VIII., of England; and Pius VII., Napoleon I.; and Pius IX. cursed somebody lately, but nobody by name. "How art thou fallen."

We have some of the Pope's curses before us just now, in which his enemies are pronounced excommunicated, perjured, blasphemers, schismatics, heretics, relapsers, traitors, and cursed should any one be who should come near them, touch them, or bury them. Kings' domestics often fled from them at such times. Those who remained dare not touch the vessels they ate from, and threw everything to the dogs that came from their tables. Kingdoms so cursed had divine service suspended. The plighted in love were not married, children were not baptized, and the dead were thrown into ditches unburied. The invasion of such countries were encouraged.

It is a pleasing fact, that the most cursed of nations by the Pope have proved the most blessed by Heaven. So the world has learned to smile at the fulminations of Rome as harmless as the chirp of a sparrow or the snarl of a well-chained dog. England is under the curse of Popery; what a blessed thing it is so. May it never have the good



will of Rome till Rome become Apostolic again, then blessing not cursing will be the rule.

Kings, bare-headed and bare-footed, have been made to wait the pleasure of the Pope at his gate, and to bow down at his feet. Popes have trampled literally on the neck of emperors. Celestine III. made the emperor, Henry VI., kneel before his throne, while he took his foot and kicked off his crown, to show him how inferior he was to the Pope. We may take up the words of the prophet, and now say, "Is this the man that made the earth to tremble? How art thou fallen that did shake the kingdoms."

They required and allowed the most vain and fulsome form of addresses to be offered them. Martin IV. required the ambassadors of Sicily to prostrate themselves before him, and say, "O, Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, grant us thy peace." The fathers of the Council of Lateran said to Leo X., "We respect your *divine majesty*, the prince and king of all the universe: thou art a God." The canonists frequently gave the popes the title of "*the Lord our God*." Paul V. caused his picture to be put into the first pages of books dedicated to him—"Paul V., *Vice Deo*." A prophet has said of Babylon, and it may be said of Rome, "Thou hast said I will ascend above the heights of the clouds, I will be like the most high, yet thou shalt be brought down to the pit, cast down to the ground, and none shall help thee."

We have intimated they claimed unbounded territory, and universal obedience and power. Their authority, they held, had no bound, and the power of transferring territories, kingdoms, possession of lands, from their legal proprietors, for many centuries, they claimed. To dethrone kings and emperors, and release their subjects from allegiance, they were not slow. Over one Emperor of Germany the Pope said—"We bind him by our apostolical authority, not only with respect to the soul but the body; we take from him all property in this life, and victory from his arms," etc.

Not only kings and princes were made to fear the Papal power, but divines and philosophers were made to renounce their

moral convictions and mathematical certainties before the terrible engines of persecution the Church held in its hand. Moral certainty, individual consciousness, the demonstrations of physical science, and everything contrary to the will of his Holiness were to be abandoned. A book of the excellent Fenelon was condemned, and he read the sentence against it in his own pulpit, and exhorted the people to respect and obey the condemnation of the book, because the Pope condemned it.

From Rome licenses were granted to break all the commandments of the law. The indulgences were sold at certain prices. The sale was conducted in the most open, barefaced manner. The most heinous crimes became a tariff of profit. The indulgence was sold in some cases before the crime was committed. Remission of any guilt could be bought for money. It was this scandalous traffic that greatly helped to bring about the Reformation.

Not only were the living with all their possessions assumed to be in the hands of the Church, but the condition and future happiness of the dead. Nothing seemed sacred from their touch that could be made a profitable speculation. During one period *one-third* of the landed property of England was actually in the hands of the Church; and the revenue of Rome from this country, in the time of Henry VI., was greater than that of the English government.

And how have all the great names, and assumptions, and glittering pretensions ended? The Papal professions of INFALLIBILITY have ended in universal pity for her past and present blunders. For fifteen hundred years her history has been one great mistake upon another in temporal and spiritual matters. Her very highest name of Pope is now universally used with a kind of contempt, and applied in derision to persons who assume more wisdom and power than they ought. The thunder of the Vatican is now as harmless as the sound of the night owl, and as little heeded as the threat of the King of a "Cannibal Island."

And the world rejoices to-day that her power is broken, that there is scarcely a shred of the ancient power of Rome for evil held over any land. The reduction



of that power has been worth all the books written against it, and all the battles fought. The world will not be at rest till the last fragments of political tyranny and spiritual domination, found wherever they may be, are cast over the battlements of the universe: then, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good-will among men."

#### THE MORAL OF HER HISTORY.

Now she is in great straits, let us learn the reason of her ruin. (1.) From a state of poverty the see of Rome arose to great wealth. More was desired. The wealth and influence of Rome were used to impoverish other nations, and lo! poverty is now at her gates. It is well when wealth does not make us vain-glorious and tyrannical. (2.) The Church of Rome arose from the condition of persecution to be a great persecutor. The days when she sought refuge from her enemies were days of golden priests and wooden chalices; but as soon as the State defended her, she assailed her enemies and tried to crush all dissidents; she became rich, and haughty, and oppressive, and the proverb changed—she got wooden priests and golden chalices. Churches more modern than Rome have gone through these phases, from poverty to riches, from persecution to becoming persecutors. Let us all take heed. It needs greater fortitude to stand the days of golden triumphs than of trial. (3.) She misused the moral and religious influence she possessed. The high moral character of her people, the forbearance and integrity of her ministers, won her the confidence and esteem of the world. There is nothing mightier than moral influence. She misused this power. She betrayed those who put confidence in her, and derision followed respect. To have been with Christ was once a sufficient proof of honesty and sincerity; to have been at Rome was in after times a sure mark of profligacy and mistrust. (4.) The Roman Church at one time possessed the only valuable learning of the world. Her pious monks and learned doctors were the treasure-keepers of science, and as such respected. A time came when the intellect of that Church was used to make the worse appear the better reason.

Facts were mis-stated; sincerity was burlesqued; logic was ignored; truth was sold to uphold tyranny and superstition. Now her *literati* are not trusted, her able men are no authority, and her most industrious scholars are not allowed to look over and register the events of history for our government.

What a fall from confidence! When the salt has lost its savour it is good for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot. Let us take heed and learn from those things, that if any little superiority of education or position be ours, always to employ such advantages that we may possess on the side of moral conviction and righteousness. If we do otherwise than this, our history, like the history of the Church of Rome, will be used, as we have now done, "To point a moral or adorn a tale."

#### A BRAVE GIRL.

THERE are not many brave girls about in these days, let the girls say what they please to the contrary. We have been watching to see how they manœuvre, and this is the conclusion to which we have come: Many of them are real cowards; they are afraid to keep on the right side of truth. They may not be afraid of the dark, nor of dogs and spiders, but they are afraid to do what they think is right.

There was Hattie Stone, a bright-eyed, intelligent, sprightly, loveable creature, sitting by her mother, who was trimming her winter bonnet with gay ribbons and beautiful feathers, when Nellie Larkin, one of her playmates, called.

"Is that your bonnet?" inquired Nellie.

"Yes," replied Hattie. "Isn't it pretty?"

"It is very pretty, indeed, I think," answered Nellie. "Mine is a poor looking thing beside that."

"Are you not going to have a new one?"

"No; mother says my old one must answer this winter, with a little repairing, and I think it will myself."

"You will be the only girl in the meeting-house with an old bonnet on,"



continued Hattie, "and that will make you feel badly."

"No, it will not make me feel badly at all," said Nellie. "I like your new bonnet very much, and, at the same time, I am contented with my old one."

"Well, I should be afraid that people would laugh at me, when everybody else had new bonnets," responded Hattie. "I want to look as well as the rest."

"Mother says it is cowardly to be afraid of what people will say about us, if we are doing what we think is right."

"Then there are a good many cowards in the world," said Hattie, "and I suppose I am one. But you mean to be brave, and wear your old bonnet." And Hattie smiled as she said it, for she evidently meant to ridicule Nellie's idea of bravery.

"I don't think it necessary to be very brave, to wear a last year's bonnet," replied Nellie. "I am sure that it is not a great cross to me, although I don't like to be laughed at any better than you do. Mother says she can't afford a better one, and that is enough for me to know, to be satisfied with what I have."

Now, Nellie really did not know that she was a brave girl in deciding to wear the bonnet that she had worn for a year. But she was the bravest girl in the neighbourhood. Hattie — poor little mincing coward — was afraid somebody would laugh at her if she did not have a bonnet as gay as a peacock's tail, and be in the height of fashion. She had no courage to say, "Let others think as they please, I shall do what mother thinks is best." Poor, weak thing! Suppose everybody else should take it into their heads to go without bonnets, she, of course, would not dare to do otherwise, and so she would go bare-headed. How much nobler is Nellie, who dares to follow her mother's counsels, though she may not appear quite so fashionable! Yes, she is the genuine brave girl, unlike thousands who always stop and ask, "What will Mrs. A. or Jemima B. say about me if I do thus and so?" not having courage to do right even, lest some one laugh or sneer. — *Home Monthly.*

## MILTON AND SIR HARRY VANE.

In his "Modern History of Universalism," Dr. Whittemore has given a brief but very interesting sketch of the life of Sir Henry Vane, the younger. He was born in 1612, was educated at Oxford, visited the continent and spent some time at Geneva, and finally, moved by his native love of liberty, and the sympathy he felt for the persecuted Puritans, came to New England, and was subsequently made Governor of Massachusetts. With Roger Williams he became a defender of the sacred rights of conscience, and a friend of universal toleration. After his return to England, in 1637, he was made a member of Parliament in 1640. He took no part in the execution of the King, remonstrated against Cromwell's usurpation, and after the death of the Protector resisted the proposition to make Richard Cromwell his successor. After the restoration he was tried by order of Charles II., condemned to death, and beheaded on Tower Hill, June 14th, 1662. Vane was a great and good man. To mental endowments of the highest order, he added a singular love of religion. Mr. Whittemore says he was a Universalist. "His friend told me," said Bishop Burnett, "that he leaned to Origen's notion of a Universal Salvation of all, both of devils and the damned, and to the doctrine of pre-existence."

Milton, who was Vane's fellow labourer in the cause of civil and religious liberty, celebrated his worth in a sonnet, which deserves to be quoted in connection with the history of this remarkable person. It is as follows:

### TO SIR HENRY VANE—THE YOUNGER

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,  
Than whom a better Senator ne'er held  
The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms,  
repelled  
The fierce Epirot and the African bold;  
Whether to settle peace or to unfold  
The drift of hollow states hard to be spelled;  
Then to advise how war may, best upheld,  
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,  
In all her equipage; besides to know  
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,  
What severs each, thou hast learned, which few  
have done;  
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe;  
Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans  
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest Son.



## IMPORTANT FROM CHINA:

## A GREAT UNITARIAN MOVEMENT THERE.

THE great empire, called "celestial," is now in the throes of a revolution of deepest interest to all the world. We cannot think of 400,000,000 of people—the one-third of the population of the earth—being redeemed from tyranny, superstition, and sin, without thankfulness. The latest news from China declares that the position of the revolutionists—the Teaping dynasty—is improving, and ere long the throne of the empire will be gained by the present able and learned chief. The English government, and other foreign governments, are so firmly persuaded that a more friendly relationship will be established in the success of this revolution, that they have hinted their approval of the change. As the present leader, *Hung sew tseun*, is the Garibaldi of this great movement, a short sketch of his history will be interesting to our readers.

Hung sew tseun is the youngest son of a poor peasant. He was born in 1813, in a small village about thirty miles north-east of Canton. He very soon displayed aptitude for learning, and with the aid of his parents and some few friends was kept at school until sixteen years of age, after which, for a time, he helped his father on a small farm. He engaged as a village school-master for a few years, and often visited Canton for further instruction. At Canton he became acquainted with one or two Christian missionaries, and received from them the Bible and good advice. In 1837 he was seized with a serious illness, and all his friends thought he would die. During his sickness he said he had some very remarkable dreams concerning the future of his life. In reading the Bible more carefully than before, he discovered much of the spirit of his "heavenly counsel" in the book, and was baptized and received into the Christian church. Many others in the district of Kwang-se became converts, and demolishers of idols, which led to persecution and the death of some of his companions. Hung sew tseun was sought after, and with a few others armed themselves to resist the persecuting mandarins. The number of his followers increased, until they bore down the force of the mandarins, and were able to cope with the imperial army. They have, during a course of many years, defeated the imperialists in almost every great conflict. Their leader professes to have had heavenly visions, and those visions inform him that he will be the head of a new dynasty; that idolatry must be abolished, that the Christian religion must be adopted, and that perfect friendliness and freedom of trade with all the nations of the earth must be established throughout the empire.

A proclamation of the new king has been translated by the Rev. Mr. Roberts, and sent to the governments of England, France, and the United States. He speaks of the religion, morals, and trade of the western empire, and says his mission, under God, is to diffuse the same among the people of China. He says they intend marching to Peking soon, to take possession of the seat

of government. He says the Chinese and other nations are of the same great family (a wonderful concession for a Chinese), and that they must have common interests, designs, and duties—that we are all brethren. The work he is carrying on in China, he says, is arousing the minds of the people from their present stupidity, immorality, and idolatry. We do not doubt the good faith of this chief, nor does the government of this country and other countries doubt it or his ultimate success.

There is one point more of some interest to us. It appears that this chief and his people are Unitarians. Hung sew tseun very early got possession of the Bible; and as its entire teaching is purely Unitarian, he adopted this faith, and holds it still. He had not very much intercourse with the missionaries, or they might have taught him a different doctrine. Captain FISHBOURNE, commander of Her Majesty's ship "Hermes," visited the revolutionists about ten years ago, and deplored, then, that one of the great leader's (*Yang sew tsing*) "*religious opinions* were but little removed from Unitarianism." And in a recent letter in the "Nonconformist," by the Rev. GRIFFITH JOHN (Trinitarian), who has come from China, the great leader Hung sew tseun is described as a Unitarian Christian. He speaks of him as a man of education and literary ability—a model of temperance and moral propriety. He further states, "Of the doctrine of the Trinity, as understood and received by orthodox Christians, I believe he has not the slightest conception. . . . The Heavenly Father is God alone; Christ is altogether a distinct being. He sees nothing in Jesus but a human soul united to a human body—a man."

All human spirits, in their pristine state, are the natural brothers of Christ, and can only forfeit their claim to this title by sin and unbelief. . . . He (*Hung sew tseun*) does not make himself God. On the contrary, he denies that Christ, whom he acknowledges to be far greater than himself, can be called God. When he speaks of God, Christ, and himself, as being one family and one person, he simply means to say they are one in sympathy, interest, and aim." "These are some of the views of this great chief," says the Trinitarian and candid Mr. John, and then adds, "Probably the Scripture doctrine of the Trinity has never been presented to his mind in a way that he could understand. He is a *thinking* man, and wont take the *ipse dixit* of any one for proof and demonstration. I believe that if the doctrine were clearly laid before him, and proved to be the doctrine of the Bible, he would receive it, and consequently renounce his error." [Aye, there's the rub, to lay such a doctrine clearly before him, and prove it from the Bible: who will take that in hand?]

We will close this article by a few words from a Chinese preacher, in the true Oriental style, illustrative of the love and power of Christ. "A man had fallen into a deep, dark pit, and lay at its miry bottom, groaning and utterly unable to move. Confucius, walking by, approached the edge of the pit and said, 'Poor fellow, I am sorry for you; why were you such a fool as to



get in there? Let me give you a piece of advice: if you ever get out, don't get in again.' 'I can't get out,' groaned the man. A Buddhist priest next came by, and said, 'Poor fellow, I am much pained to see you there; I think if you could scramble up two-thirds of the way, or even half, I could reach you and lift you up the rest.' But the man in the pit was entirely helpless and unable to rise. Next the Saviour came by, and hearing his cries, went to the very brink of the pit, stretched down and laid hold of the poor man, brought him up and said, 'Go, and sin no more.'

### NO SECTARIANISM IN HEAVEN.

TALKING of sects till late one eve,  
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,  
That night I stood in a troubled dream,  
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came,  
When I heard a strange voice call his name;  
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,  
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,  
And his long gown floated out behind,  
As down to the stream his way he took,  
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I am bound for heaven, and when I'm there,  
I shall want my Book of Common Prayer;  
And though I put on a starry crown,  
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,  
But his gown was heavy and held him back,  
And the poor old father tried in vain  
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,  
But his silk gown floated on the tide;  
And no one asked in that blissful spot  
Whether he belonged to "the Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed—  
His dress of a sober hue was made;  
"My coat and hat must be all of gray,  
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,  
And staidly, solemnly, waded in;  
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight  
Over his forehead, so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;  
A moment he slightly sighed over that,  
And then, as he gazed to the further shore,  
His coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he went into heaven, his suit of gray  
Went quietly sailing—away—away,  
And none of the angels questioned him  
About the breadth of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of Psalms,  
Tied nicely up, in his aged arms,  
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,  
That the people in heaven, "all round" might sing.

But I thought he heaved an anxious sigh,  
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,  
And looked rather surprised, as one by one,  
The Psalms and Hymns in the waves went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,  
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness,  
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do?  
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river, far and wide,  
Away they went down the swollen tide,  
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone,  
Without his manuscript, up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two saints by name,  
Down to the stream together came,  
But as they stopped at the river's brink,  
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,  
How you attained to life's great end?"  
"Thus, with a few drops on my brow,  
But I have been dipped, as you'll see me now."

"And I really think it will hardly do,  
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you:  
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,  
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,  
Away to the left—his friend to the right,  
Apart they went from this world of sin,  
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,  
A Presbyterian Church went down;  
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,  
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road they could never agree,  
The *old* or the *new* way, which could it be,  
Nor ever a moment paused to think  
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,  
Came ever up from the moving crowd:  
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new;  
That is the false, and this is the true,"—  
Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new  
That is the false, and *this* is the true."

But the *brethren*, only, seemed to speak—  
Modest the sisters walked, and meek;  
And if ever one of them chanced to say  
What troubles she met with on the way,  
How she longed to pass to the other side,  
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,  
A voice arose from the brethren then:  
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men';  
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,  
Oh, 'let the women keep silence all?'"

I watched them long in my curious dream,  
Till they stood by the borders of the stream,  
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,  
But all the brethren were talking yet,  
And would talk on, till the heaving tide  
Carried them over, side by side;  
Side by side, for the way was one,  
The toilsome journey of life was done,  
And priest and Quaker, and all who died,  
Came out alike on the other side.  
No forms, or crosses, or books had they,  
No gowns of silk, or suits of gray,  
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,  
For all had put on the spirit of Christ.



## UNITARIAN DOCTRINE OF THE ATONEMENT.

THE Unitarian doctrine of the atonement, or reconciliation, recognizes the sinfulness of man, and the great depravity of the world, without asserting it to be either *total* or *original*. We take into view the whole fact of man's moral alienation from duty and from God, and on this *fact* base the necessity of reconciliation, of turning away from all iniquity, and of returning from the husks of our alienation to the Father's house, in the penitent spirit of the prodigal, to be received back like him with free, *unpurchased* pardon and compassion, to the bosom of infinite love: and, indeed, we look upon the Saviour's parable of the Prodigal Son as a clear, apt, and forcible illustration of the doctrine under consideration, and as a good vindication of the view which we take of this important subject. By that simple tale of the prodigal, a subject is cleared up which has been much involved in controversy, and which the divines and system-builders of the two or three preceding centuries have encumbered by amazing theories, and by the ingenuity of theological speculation, from the weight and mist of which the plain and simple truth is for ever struggling to get free.

In the parable, the father represents the God of mercy, our Father in heaven; the prodigal represents the world, the sinning and suffering world of mankind: and from it we learn *how* God pardons sin; we find both the mode and condition of the Divine forgiveness.

A young son leaves his father's house, and goes out into the world; he soon falls into temptation; he wastes his substance in riotous excess and sinful indulgence; and he becomes in a short time a penniless vagabond, a beggar in rags, and on the very borders of *starvation*—though depraved most sadly, yet not *totally* so; the divine spark within him is *buried*, indeed, but not dead; in some happier and better moment he bethinks himself; the higher nature moves him to aspiration; he begins to feel his degradation; guilt, with a lurid light, opens its black gulf before him; shame and remorse spur up his worn and wasted energies; he thinks of his home, the scene of his innocent childhood; a father's counsels, and a mother's tenderness and prayers are among the faded visions that now flit before his besotted mind; at last he strains up his resolution, and fixes upon the determination to return to his father's house; he rises under the inspiration of this resolve, and says, "I will go to my father, and confess that I have sinned against heaven and in his sight; and since I have forfeited my sonship and birthright, I will beg the charity of being his servant." In the strength of this humility he turns his steps homeward.

And now the question comes, *How* was he received? How was the returning penitent dealt with? What was the course of treatment with this offending son, or this vile sinner, to use the language of modern pulpits? On what *condition* does he find pardon and acceptance? Is the father stern and cold, and indisposed to

mercy? Is he concerned chiefly for the honour and vindication of his broken law? Did he demand the sacrifice of some innocent victim before his doors were thrown open, as he must have done if he had acted in accordance with the teachings of the common faith? Did his face burn with wrath, and did he exact the appeasing tribute of blood before the arms of his compassion could be opened? No. We see nothing of this. The record is far otherwise. But when a great way off, the father saw him, and *ran* out with open arms to meet him, unworthy as he was, and fell on his neck and kissed him. The penitent confession was hardly through with, before the best robe was ordered, a ring for his finger, and the joyous feast prepared, and rejoicing friends gathered to meet this son, "who was dead, and is alive again, who was lost, but is found." Here we have briefly set before us the Scripture and the Unitarian doctrine of the atonement; here is represented the Divine economy in the pardon or forgiveness of sin.

A great way off is seen the repentant prodigal coming towards his father's house, half doubting, feebly hoping, trembling with anxiety, conscious of his unworthiness, and his whole manliness greatly impaired and broken by his reckless and ruinous career. But he comes, goaded on by his necessities and by his penitence, with a sting in his conscience, tears in his eyes, and rags upon his back. As soon as he is spied by his father, who recognizes his son in the approaching and pitiable vagabond, he is moved to compassion. He cannot wait, but runs out with a face beaming with love, and with open arms receives back again the wanderer, generously and forgivingly, to his bosom and his home. No sacrifice is first made by blood. No one is offered in substitution. No expiring Deity vindicates the broken commandment; but there stands long-forbearing mercy and fatherly compassion, stooping to the neck of soiled and ragged repentance. By humility, by the tears of contrition, and by setting his face resolutely homeward, the beggared suppliant wins a father's smiles, a father's welcome, and a father's blessing—the ring, the robe, and the feast of *reconciliation*, all undeserved, yet all freely and gladly bestowed upon the returning and penitent son: and thus it ever has been, and thus it for ever shall be with the sincere and humble petitioner at the throne of heavenly grace. "When the wicked man turneth away from the iniquities he has committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive," is the majestic assurance of the Scriptures. "The sacrifices of God," says the Psalmist, "are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God! thou wilt not despise!"

The parable of the Prodigal Son shows how all those who feed now on the *husks* of iniquity among the swine of sensualism may get *redemption*, and find the ring and robe, and the fatted calf of reconciliation. This parable holds with illustrious force before the divided and bewildered Church of Christ, now torn by faction and weakened by warfare, the *Bible* scheme of the Divine pardon.

In the very words of Christ himself, the simplicity of the Bible doctrine of atonement is here



held forth to view—not the atonement doctrine of the warring churches; not the atonement found set forth in human creeds; not that scheme which sprang out of the theological speculations of the dark ages, which was produced from the loins of Gentile philosophy and Gentile ambition; but the simple, and plain, and *unembarrassed* doctrine of Christ—not of Augustine, not of Calvin, not of Edwards, not the doctrine found in the traditions of *men*, but among the commandments of *God* and the teachings of *Christ* himself, God's inspired *Son*. And I hold up the doctrine of atonement contained in this teaching of *Christ*, against that doctrine of the atonement found in the various decrees and dogmas of the *Church*—this commandment of *God* against those traditions of *men*. In this scheme of *Christ* there is no atonement of *blood*—the blood of Christ's human body, by which we are ransomed from wrath Divine. There is nothing said of a "*crucified God*," there is no mention of an "expiring Deity;" there is no allusion to the necessity of satisfying the justice of God by the sufferings of Christ, before the prodigal can be pardoned and restored; no mention of any *blood* to be shed before *compassion* could be exercised; no hatred of sin to be expressed by the *cross*; no substitution of Christ's sufferings either in mind or body on Calvary, for man's sufferings in hell; no bloody sacrifice comes between the Father in heaven and the riotous prodigal, as he turns his face homeward from self-exile and self-caused degradation; *blood* is not mentioned, not alluded to, nor even *remotely* hinted at. Is *God*, the Infinite Spirit, to be appeased by human blood, like the grim Moloch of heathen idolatry? *Christ* does not so teach; *reason* does not so instruct; the Bible does not so declare; the *universe* nowhere gives such an *intimation* throughout the wide domains of God's creation. *Nothing* teaches that *blood* is the means of *pardon*—nothing, I say, except the *poor* teachings of man-made creeds; *Christ* is silent about this means, though the pulpit is *loud* in its behalf; *Christ* is silent about *blood* as the means of God's favour, but is clear and distinct, and in the parable *FORGIBLE*, for the efficacy of repentance and amendment of life. Every creed that I have ever seen or read (and I have read not a few) in so many words declares, and with *emphasis* and *urgency*, that repentance and future obedience are *not* an adequate ground of pardon.

But this parable of Christ illustriously teaches that repentance and future obedience *are* a sufficient ground of pardon. Here, then, the creeds of men and the words of the Bible come into conflict, and we are forced to choose between them. Is not the promise eternal and sure, that "if we confess our sins, God is faithful and *just* to forgive us our sins?" Yes, this is the condition, viz.: confession. We may think it too easy or too severe, but we cannot change it, add to it, or take from it. We may not like, but there is no human authority that can alter it to suit our taste or our own preconceived opinions. *Confession* is a sorrowful remembrance of sin before God, and it implies repentance; and repentance, if genuine, ends in *reformation* of life.

Confession implies sorrow; sorrow awakens a resolute purpose of soul; and from this purpose, deep and settled in the heart, comes the resurrection from the grave of sense into the life of an immortal being. The emotions of the heart, to be sure, are as changeful as the hues of a summer's cloud; but often are they as beautiful. The feelings ebb and flow like the tide, but so long as the waters rise and fall, the wide sea will never become a stagnant pool. We should cherish, then, the religious emotions. The transient emotion is better than unmoved indifference. Anything is better than moral stupor. Let the feelings have play; give the heart room. Be sorrowful for sin, for there is abundant room for sorrow. Be overwhelmed with grief, and bring your sins to confession before God. But when the emotion dies away, be sure that something permanent takes its place. Let sin be forsaken; let deep-rooted principle stand fast, and hold you to an undeviating course of virtue, and God will lift the light of his countenance upon you, and give you peace. The way of pardon and acceptance is eternally the same, under the old and the new, and under all dispensations, and does not vary from age to age. And it cannot be more fitly or majestically declared than by the prophet of old: "Let the wicked forsake his ways, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have *mercy* upon him, and to our God, and he will *abundantly* pardon." No power on earth can shake this assurance from its strong foundations in the everlasting word.—*Rev. R. P. Cutler.*

#### KIND WORDS.

THEY never blister the tongue or lips; and we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this source. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much.

1.—They help one's own good-nature and good-will. Soft words soften our own souls. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze more fiercely.

2.—Kind words make other people good-natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words, in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their image in men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feeling. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.—*Pascal.*



No more Indexes and Title-pages for Vols. III. and IV. will be issued after July. They are supplied free to all Subscribers. The "Hand Book" will be issued about the close of this year.

## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

ESSAYS AND REVIEWS.—"The Trinity is stated in language which is too long to cite, and which we shall not presume to interpret; indeed, we should have thought it orthodox, since it is unintelligible and self-contradictory, were it not that we are assured that it is free from the prevailing error of destroying by inference the unity."—*Westminster Review*.

WESLEY ON OPINIONS AND PRACTICE.—Said John Wesley: "I am sick of opinions; I am weary to hear them; my soul loathes their frothy food; give me an humble lover of God and man—a man full of mercy and good fruits—a man laying himself out in the works of faith, the patience of hope, the labour of love. Let my soul be with such Christians wheresoever they are, and whatsoever opinions they hold. 'He that doeth the will of my Father in Heaven, the same is my brother, my sister, and my mother.'"

A CURIOUS PROPHECY.—The following lines, from the works of Thomas the Rhymer, have been thought to shadow forth the existence of railways and telegraphs—

"When yoked cloud and snorting steed,  
Devour ye earth where'er it lead,  
When lands and lands are bridged together,  
By flames as fast as bands of brother,  
When turns the sun mechanical,  
To paint ye glass, or print ye wall,  
Then will a mighty Portent come,  
To waste the world and leave it dumb,  
What time the moon shall fill her horn,  
Beneath the lustful Capricorn.  
Ere nineteen hundred years be told,  
Since rose the God-child—prophet scroll'd.  
Be heedful then, Omega's frown,  
Shall haunt—saith Thomas of Erceoldowne."

PROGRESS OF TRUTH.—"We may just notice a striking illustration occurring in one of Mr. N. Hall's discourses, in the little book before us, of what pressure from within can do, and has done, in modifying theological common-places. We all remember the sort of language habitually held by 'sound divines,' a few years back, about the Atonement, and, indeed, still held in Bethesdas, and Cave Adullams, and Mount Zions, where the doctrine is what the initiated call 'high;' we mean butcher's-shamble talk, founded on the theory of direct substitution. However, Unitarians, Rationalists, and other 'liberal' people have had a hearing at last, and not in vain. A corner was never more neatly turned by Mr. Hall than on page 9—'How, then, can sinners escape? Only by something being put in the place of punishment which will answer the same purpose in the Government of God.'—ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

A BROAD CHURCH NOVEL.—"No Church" (a novel) is very far from being what is usually termed 'a religious novel;' yet it contains the true principles of pure, unadulterated religion. 'Religious opinion is one thing, and true religion another,' says a prim little Methodist, who is on the point of being married to a worthy clergyman of the Church of England. 'Does it matter of what sect we are, if we love God and keep his commandments?' To do our duty thoroughly towards God and towards our neighbour is the doctrine inculcated by the author of 'No Church.' He may call this 'Broad Church,' if he pleases. We should rather acknowledge it to be real 'Christianity' in every sense of the word. 'Broad Church,' says Mr. Parslow, the shabby and unfashionable clergyman, who marries the prim little Methodist, 'is better than High Church or Low Church, chapel-going, or open-air preaching.' It is a wide creed, has love and sympathy for all classes, and shuts the door in no one's face—be he Jew or Gentile. It does not seek to reach Heaven by singing, intoning, or high mass, and its worshippers are from all churches and of all degrees of life. There are not many of us yet, but our numbers are increasing, and with God's help will increase, till there is peace on earth and fellowship with all men."—*Athenæum*.

DIPHTHERIA.—As the newspapers are full of remedies of this dangerous affection of the throat—some of them very good, and some of them very silly—we will give one which we know to be used by some eminent physicians, and we have never known to fail, if applied early. Diphtheria in early stages may be recognized by any person of ordinary capacity, by two marked symptoms—the sensation of a bone or hard substance in the throat, rendering swallowing difficult and painful, and a marked fetor, or unpleasant smell of the breath, the result of its putrefactive tendency. On the appearance of these symptoms, if the patient is old enough to do so, give a piece of gum camphor, of the size of a marrowfat pea, and let it be retained in the mouth, swallowing slowly the saliva charged with it, until it is all gone. In an hour or so give another, and at the end of another hour a third; a fourth will not usually be required, but if the pain and unpleasant breath are not relieved, it may be used two or three times more, at a little longer interval, say two hours. If the child is young, powder the camphor, which can easily be done by adding a drop or two of spirits of alcohol to it, and mix it with an equal quantity of powdered loaf sugar, or better, powdered rock candy, and blow it through a quill or tube into its throat, depressing the tongue with the haft of a spoon. Two or three applications will relieve. Some recommend powdered aloes or pelltitory with the camphor, but observation and experience have satisfied us that the camphor is sufficient alone. It acts probably by its virtue as a diffusible stimulant, and antiseptic qualities.—*Examiner*.

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